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#5

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SMITH
QUESADA
PALMIOTTI

HERE COMES...

DAREDEVIL®

THE MAN WITHOUT FEAR!

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WHEN I WAS A CHILD, MY FATHER TRIED TO SCARE ME INTO ADHERING TO A CURFEW WITH AN URBAN LEGEND.

IT WAS ABOUT AN AGELESS MAN, WHO LIVED IN THE VILLAGE, AND PRACTICED BLACK MAGIC.

ACCORDING TO MY FATHER, HE WAS ABLE TO OPEN DOORS INTO DARK DIMENSIONS AND COMMUNE WITH DEMONS AND LONG-DEAD SPIRITS.

A MYSTIC, MY FATHER CALLED HIM.

AS I GREW OLDER, MY FATHER'S BOGEY-MAN LOST ITS IMPACT -- I TOLD MYSELF THAT SUCH A PERSON DIDN'T EXIST OUTSIDE OF MY OLD MAN'S IMAGINATION.

I'VE LONG SINCE EATEN THOSE WORDS, BECAUSE...

...I'M WATCHING MY FATHER'S BOGEY-MAN AT WORK.

I'VE SOUGHT HIS HELP IN FINDING OUT EXACTLY WHAT FORCES ARE AFTER AN INFANT THAT WAS LEFT IN MY CARE... AND WHY.

AND AS SCARED AS MY FATHER'S VERSION OF THIS BOGEY-MAN MADE ME AS A KID, DEALING WITH THE REAL THING AS I HAVE FOR THE LAST HOUR...

STAN LEE PRESENTS DAREDEVIL

GUARDIAN DEVIL

... IS INFINITELY MORE UNSETTLING.

I SENSE... NOTHING.

WHEN HE SPEAKS, THE HAIRS ON THE BACK OF MY NECK STAND UP. I HAVE TO COMPOSE MYSELF ENOUGH TO ASK...

ARE YOU SURE? THE MAN WHO GAVE IT TO ME CLAIMED TO REPRESENT AN ORGANIZATION CALLED "SHEOL".

HE KNEW THINGS ABOUT ME THAT AREN'T A MATTER OF RECORD.

PART FIVE

DEVIL'S DESPAIR

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I ASSURE YOU, DEVIL -- THE EYE OF AGAMOTTO WOULD HAVE REVEALED ANY SUPERNATURAL ELEMENTS THIS TRINKET MIGHT'VE BEEN EXPOSED TO.

AS IT STANDS, THE CROSS INDICATES NO MYSTICAL INFLUENCE WHATSOEVER. OF IT, I CAN TELL YOU ONLY THAT ITS MANUFACTURE WAS RECENT...

... AND ALSO, THAT IT'S A POROUS METAL -- WHICH WOULD STAND TO REASON, AS IT WAS CLEARLY DESIGNED TO TRANSFER THE DRUG.

THE DRUG? *WHAT* DRUG?

WELL, SURELY YOU KNEW -- IT'S LACED WITH A CHEMICAL OF SOME SORT -- A SYNTHETIC TOXIN, I BELIEVE.

I ABSORBED A TRACE OF IT INTO MY BLOODSTREAM, AND IT REGISTERED MILDLY AS AN HALLUCINOGEN. I'D IMAGINE THAT EVEN THE SMALL TRACE I'VE BEEN EXPOSED TO WAS ENOUGH TO MAKE ONE HIGHLY SUSCEPTIBLE TO SUGGESTION.

BUT IF IT DID CARRY A DRUG, THEN WHY DIDN'T IT AFFECT YOU?

IT WOULD HAVE -- I FELT IT STARTING TO. BUT I WAS ABLE TO CAST A SMALL SPELL THAT PURGED IT OUT OF MY SYSTEM AND INTO AN ALTERNATE DIMENSION WITHIN MY CELL STRUCTURE.

LONG STORY. DON'T ASK.

THE TOXIN IS VOID OF COLOR AND TASTE. IT DOESN'T APPEAR TO HAVE A SCENT, EITHER.

TO BE QUITE HONEST, IF IT WEREN'T FOR THE EYE, I DOUBT I WOULD'VE PICKED UP ON IT AT ALL, UNTIL IT WAS WELL INTO MY BLOOD-STREAM.

I'VE BEEN... DRUGGED?

SO IT WOULD APPEAR. AND FURTHER, MY BRIEF INVESTIGATION ON THE ASTRAL PLANE REVEALED NO STIRRINGS IN REGARDS TO A SAVIOR CHILD OF ANY FAITH OR PRACTICE --

-- ESPECIALLY NOT THE CHRISTIAN REDEEMER.

I SHOULD, IN ALL FAIRNESS, ADD THAT MY MYSTIC ABILITIES AS OF LATE HAVE BEEN RATHER --

-- UNDEPENDABLE.

BUT YOU'RE NOT *CERTAIN* THE CHILD ISN'T WHAT I WAS TOLD?

I APOLOGIZE, DEVIL -- I'M NOT CERTAIN OF MUCH THESE DAYS.

IT... IT CAN'T BE. HE'S WRONG! HE'S...

IN ON IT.

PERHAPS IF YOU WERE TO BRING THE CHILD HERE, I CAN BE OF MORE ASSISTANCE.

YOU'D LIKE THAT, WOULDN'T YOU, OLD WARLOCK? YOU WANT ME TO BRING THE CHILD TO YOU, SO YOU CAN RAISE THE DEMON SEED INTO HUMANITY'S DESTROYER!

I SHOULD'VE KNOWN BETTER THAN TO TRUST A PRACTITIONER OF THE BLACK ARTS.

ESPECIALLY ONE WHO'S, NO DOUBT, EXERTING SUGGESTIVE SPELLS TO CLOUD MY THINKING.

WELL, ALLOW ME TO RETURN THE FAVOR...

...PHYSICALLY!

CRASH

THE TOXIN IS AGAIN ACTIVE IN YOUR SYSTEM!

I'M REMOVING IT WITH THE SAME INCANTATION I USED ON MYSELF.

THERE...

...IT'S GONE.

MY GOD...

HOW DO YOU FEEL?

I FEEL...

... CLEAR.

THANKS, DOC.

IS EVERYTHING ALRIGHT, BOSS?

NO NEED FOR ALARM, WONG. OUR FRIEND DAREDEVIL WAS JUST INFECTED WITH A RATHER UNSAVORY TIME-RELEASED TOXIN.

TIME-RELEASED?

YES -- OR RATHER, ASSOCIATIVE-RESPONSIVE.

THE TOXIN HAD ATTACHED ITSELF TO THE SYNAPSES OF YOUR CEREBRAL CORTEX. IT SEEMED TO ACTIVATE UPON SUGGESTION OF THE CHILD'S INNOCENCE AND CLOUDED YOUR ABILITY TO REASON LOGICALLY.

NATASHA...

...I HAVE TO FIND YOU. EXPLAIN MY ACTIONS. I'M SO SORRY.

QUITE A DRUG, THAT ONE. A CRIMINAL ELEMENT COULD PROBABLY MASS-PRODUCE IT FOR CONSUMPTION IN SOCIAL CIRCLES THAT SEEK TO LOWER INHIBITIONS.

YOUR RAVE CLUBS, YOUR COLLEGE FRATS.

STRANGE, I NEED TO KNOW WHO'S BEHIND THIS.

IS THERE ANY OTHER WAY WE CAN FIND OUT BEYOND YOUR INQUIRY ON THE ASTRAL PLANE?

WELL...

...THERE *IS* ANOTHER WAY...

...THOUGH IT'LL REQUIRE A STRONG CONSTITUTION AND YOUR COMPLETE OBEDIENCE IN OBSERVING THE GUIDELINES I LAY OUT.

IF YOU'RE WILLING TO GIVE IT AN ATTEMPT...

I'M WILLING TO TRY ANYTHING AT THIS POINT.

VERY WELL. IT'LL TAKE A DAY TO PREPARE YOU. WE'LL START IMMEDIATELY.

WONG -- WOULD YOU BE SO KIND AS TO MOVE THE TEA INTO THE CELLAR.

I'M GOING TO INVOKE A DEMON.

BUSINESS AS USUAL AT CASA DE STRANGE.

FOLLOW ME, RED.

So, this is your life, Karen Page.

In your thirty-plus years, you've been your parents' daughter, your grade school's bright, young speller, your high school's straight-A student and cheerleading captain, your college's 3.8 GPA graduate...

...a secretary for a small but earnest law office, a would-be actress, a one-time porn star, a former junkie, a recovering addict, a radio deejay so popular that you've broadcasted from both coasts...

...and now, an H.I.V. carrier.

And what of the men in your life? There've been a number of them, haven't there? And you've been so many things to all of them.

A daughter.

A friend.

A lover.

An object of desire.

A customer.

A voice in the night.

DAILY PLANET

FRIEND OF ACCUSED FOUND DEAD

And then there's that one guy -- the one to whom you've been all that and more. The one you prized more than anything in your life.

And then betrayed.

DAILY PLANET

STAR WITNESS IN LEGAL MURDER GUILTY

ITS FIRM'S BIKER ARRESTED AFTER MURDER CHARGE

And then found your salvation in.

And then abandoned.

And then sought out when your world shattered.

And then tried to deceive... to save your own skin.

Matt.

It's always been you, Matt. You're the pivot point that's given my adult life balance.

No matter what I've done, or where I've gone, I always come back to you.

In my haste to unload my problems on you, I never thought to ask what was going on in your life -- your **lives** -- even after what that Old Man told me.

It's something I've always taken for granted -- you practice law by day, you practice justice by night. And you've always made it **seem** effortless.

But it's always been bigger than you, hasn't it, love?

You've been able to stay one step ahead of madness or the grave through it all, but how can one step ever be enough? And where's the margin for error?

That's always been the unspoken fear, hasn't it, Matt? The thing that'd plague you in your sleep, when I held you on the rare nights you were home...

That one day, you'll stumble, and whatever darkness laps at your heels will swallow you whole.

Is this that time, love? Is the darkness bearing down closer than it ever has? And are you running out of strength to stay ahead of it?

You need me, Matt -- now more than ever. You need my strength to ally with your own, and maybe then we can both outrace the void.

And in order to give you my strength, I have to muster it -- not collapse into your arms, hoping you'll fix it all again. I've spent most of my life -- our life -- doing that, haven't I? Perhaps this is the time that instead of collapsing -- either of us -- we should be leaning on one another... as equals.

A partnership. One that -- for the first time in years -- can be built on level ground. Two broken souls, that, together, can be whole.

I need you now, yes -- more than ever.

But you need me -- just as much.

MURDOCK QUITS! (CONT)

MURDERER?

Foggy Nelson gained media attention as an associate of Hell's Kitchen vigilante Daredevil

'CURTAIN' CALL

One-time "Creature Fea King" John Curtain found murdered in Hollywood

THE SANCTUM SANCTORUM OF STEPHEN STRANGE...

THE GOOD DOCTOR OFFERED ME NOSE PLUGS.

IT SEEMS THAT WHEN A DOORWAY TO HELL IS OPENED, THE STENCH CAN BE SO OVERWHELMING THAT IT'S BEEN KNOWN TO ASPHYXIATE THOSE WITHIN CLOSE PROXIMITY.

APPARENTLY, THE BASEMENT DEATHS OF AT LEAST EIGHT TO TEN AMATEUR MAGICIANS PER YEAR THAT ARE CHALKED UP TO RADON GAS ARE MISREPORTED.

I'VE BEEN INSTRUCTED NOT TO ADDRESS THE VISITOR WHEN IT SHOWS UP. STRANGE TOLD ME THAT EVEN ONE VERBAL MISSTEP IN A CONVERSATION WITH A DEMON COULD RESULT IN FREEING IT FROM WHATEVER BINDING CIRCLE THAT KEEPS IT IN CHECK.

STRANGE SAID HE'D SUMMON THE DEMON WITH A DEAD TONGUE -- A TONGUE RECORDED IN ONLY ONE EIGHT-THOUSAND-YEAR-OLD MANUSCRIPT HE KEEPS LOCKED IN A VAULT OF A SWISS BANK UNDER AN ASSUMED NAME.

HE SAID IT'D BE BEST TO AVOID EYE CONTACT WITH THE BEAST -- AS YOU WANT TO DO AS LITTLE AS POSSIBLE TO PROVOKE A DEMON.

STRANGE SAID A LOT OF THINGS...

...BUT HE NEGLECTED TO MENTION WHO HE WAS SUMMONING.

WHO CALLS ME TO THIS DISMAL PLACE?

I DON'T NEED EYES TO KNOW WHO'S STANDING BEFORE ME.

FWAAASSH

WHO DARES TO SUMMON MEPHISTO?

PRIMITIVE...

... WHAT MANNER OF FOOL IS RESPONSIBLE FOR THIS CLOWNISH PRISON?

ZZT

YOU ARE CALLED HERE BY A MAGUS OF THE HIGHEST ORDER FOR AN INQUISITION.

STRANGE. I RECOGNIZE YOUR BRAYING.

WE HAVE DANCED AS THIS BEFORE, BUT NEVER WITH BLINDERS. WHAT PROMPTS THIS SECRECY NOW?

WITHIN THE BINDING CIRCLE, YOU MAY ASK OF ME NO QUESTIONS, AND PROVIDE ONLY ANSWERS, BEAST.

AH -- YOU'RE PLAYING THE ROLE WITH ALL THE STOPS PULLED OUT, AREN'T YOU, MYSTIC?

THIS ISN'T A CONVERSATION -- IT'S A PERFORMANCE.

DO NOT RESPOND. DO NOT SPEAK.

HE DOESN'T REMEMBER ME.

YOU'VE ENCOUNTERED MEPHISTO BEFORE?

I KNOW THIS THING, YES.

THEN YOU KNOW HOW DANGEROUS HE IS. I'VE ENCODED AN OBSTRUCTION INTO THE BINDING CIRCLE. HE'LL BE UNABLE TO SEE US, THOUGH I DON'T KNOW FOR HOW LONG.

ZZT

YOU'VE BROUGHT A FRIEND, I GATHER. BUT YOU'RE SO TERSE WITH YOUR UNSEEN GUEST, GOOD DOCTOR.

WHAT IS IT THAT DISTURBS YOU, STEPHEN?

MEPHISTO LAUGHS QUIETLY. IT RATTLES STRANGE'S NERVES -- I HEAR HIS PULSE RISE AND THEN CALM AGAIN, AS HE REGAINS HIS COMPOSURE AND SAYS...

BEAST, THERE ARE THOSE WHO PURPORT THAT THE CHRISTIAN REDEEMER HAS RETURNED TO THIS PLANE AS AN INFANT. I COMMAND YOU WHO STANDS WITHIN THE CONFINES OF THIS BINDING CIRCLE TO TELL ME IF THERE IS ANY VALIDITY TO THEIR CLAIMS.

AND THINK TWICE BEFORE YOU OFFER A LIE, LEST I CLOSE THIS WINDOW, AND RETURN YOU TO PERDITION.

YOU SAY THAT AS IF IT'S A THREAT.

BUT I'LL PLAY YOUR VOCAL-APE'S GAME, STRANGE -- IF FOR NO OTHER REASON THAN IT AMUSES ME TO DO SO AT THIS TIME.

SO YOUR COMPANION WANTS TO KNOW IF JOHN'S FORETOLD APOCALYPSE IS NIGH, eh? IF I HAD A SOUL FOR EVERY TIME I'M ASKED THAT QUESTION...

ANSWER THE QUERY, PIT-DWELLER -- OR THIS CONFERENCE IS AT AN END.

WHY IS ONE SO MIGHTY AS MYSELF BROUGHT HERE TO INSTRUCT AS A SUNDAY SCHOOL TEACHER? HAVE YOUR CHRISTIAN FRIEND READ HIS BIBLE -- MORE SPECIFICALLY, THE APOSTLE JOHN'S BOOK OF REVELATIONS. WHEN THE SO-CALLED SON OF GOD RETURNS, PRESUMABLY TO END HIS FATHER'S FLOUNDERING EXERCISE...

... THE BLUNDER KNOWN AS MANKIND...

... IT WON'T BE AS HE CAME ORIGINALLY. IN A RARE FIT OF GOOD SENSE, HE IS PROPHESIED TO RETURN NOT BORN OF A LOWLY WOMAN, BUT AS JUDGE, JURY, AND EXECUTIONER -- AS A LION, NOT A LAMB. AS THAT WHICH WILL END YOUR WORLD AND DELIVER THE PURE TO HIS FATHER... AND THE REST TO US.

NOW, I'M NO LITERARY MAJOR, BUT I'D SAY THE TEXT IS INDICATING A FAR DIFFERENT MANIFESTATION OF THE SO-CALLED REDEEMER THAN AS A HUMAN INFANT, WOULDN'T YOU, MY INQUISITIVE FRIEND OF STRANGE?

MY GOD... HE'S RIGHT. BIBLICALLY, THE SAVIOR IS TO COME BACK AS HE LEFT -- A MAN.

WHY, STEPHEN -- HAS SOMEONE TRICKED YOUR FRIEND INTO BELIEVING THE INFANT SAVIOR'S BEEN LEFT IN HIS CARE? CAN YOUR FRIEND REALLY HAVE BEEN SO...

... BLIND?

HE KNOWS.

PROVE TO ME YOUR OMNISCIENCE, MEPHISTO, AND REVEAL WHO IT IS THAT SOWS THESE UNTRUTHS.

HE KNOWS WHO I AM!

I'M CLOSING THE PORTAL!

HELLO AGAIN, BLASPHEMER -- HE WHO WOULD CALL HIMSELF A DEVIL AND DO THE WORK OF THE JUST! WOULD THAT I COULD CROSS THE THRESHOLD OF THIS BINDING CIRCLE, I WOULD TAKE MORE THAN YOUR VISION!

BUT THAT IS A PLEASURE ONE OF YOUR FELLOW MEATLINGS HAS BEATEN ME TO. OH, YES -- HE'S TAKEN FAR MORE THAN YOU ALREADY KNOW.

WHO?!

DEVIL! NO! THE PORTAL IS ALMOST CLOSED!

WHO IS DOING THIS TO ME?! WHAT MORE HAVE THEY TAKEN?!

GOOD THINGS COME TO THOSE WHO WAIT, VIGILANTE -- THOUGH I WILL TELL YOU THIS: I'M RESERVING A CHOICE SEAT IN THE PIT FOR THE ONE WHO'S MAKING OF YOUR LIFE A HELL ON EARTH. HE'S MORE THAN EARNED IT.

WHO WOULD'VE THOUGHT IT POSSIBLE OF THE THIRD-RATER? NOT ME, NOT HIS PEERS... PROBABLY NOT EVEN HIS OWN MOTHER.

HOW DELICIOUS *THAT* MUST BE -- THE BROKEN-HEART OF THE HARLOT THAT SIRED YOUR NEMESIS! HOW SHE MUST HAVE HARBORED SUCH HIGH HOPES FOR A CHILD WHO FESTERED INTO A LIAR, A THIEF, A MURDERER OF MEN, AND A KILLER OF CHILDREN. THE DISGRACE MUST HAVE HER SPINNING IN HER GRAVE.

ALMOST THERE...

BUT SOONER OR LATER, IT HAPPENS TO EVEN THE BEST CHILDREN, DOESN'T IT, BLASPHEMER?

SOONER OR LATER, EVERY SON LETS HIS MOTHER DOWN.

NO...

...MOM...

POP

HA HA HA HA HA HA HA HA

THE CLINTON MISSION SHELTER...

I HAVE TO CHOKE BACK THE BILE THAT'S RISING IN MY THROAT.

THE ROOM REEKS WITH THE STENCH OF SILENCED TERROR AND DEATH.

THERE ARE MOMENTS WHEN I'M ALMOST GLAD I CAN'T SEE.

THIS IS ONE OF THEM.

UHH...

D... DARE... DEVIL...

MAGGIE!

DON'T MOVE...

HE... KILLED SISTER THERESA FIRST... WITH HER OWN ROSARY BEADS...

HE SAID... HE SAID HE'D KILL US... ONE BY ONE... IF WE DIDN'T GIVE HIM THE BABY... BUT I... HID HER...

THE THINGS HE D.D... TO SISTER ANNE...

I HAVE TO KNOW WHEN HE LEFT, MAGGIE.

WHEN DID HE LEAVE?

WHEN A BODY MEETS A BODY, COMING THROUGH THE RYE...

HE DIDN'T.

WRY -- AIN'T IT, RED?

IF YOU'RE THE LITERARY TYPE, YOU'LL BE ABLE TO CALL THIS ONE, DEVIL.

I CAN'T GET A BEAD ON HIM. THE ACOUSTICS IN THE OLD CHURCH ARE THROWING ECHOES BACK AT ME.

NO? C'MON -- IT'S TOO EASY...

IT SOUNDS LIKE IT'S COMING FROM...

THERE.

YOU'RE THE CATCHER. GET IT?

YOU'RE THE CATCHER IN THE WRY.

BUT YOU KNOW WHAT EVERY GOOD CATCHER NEEDS?

A PITCHER!

THE FIRST THREE ARE DISTRACTIONS...

...FOR THE FOURTH.

THIS ONE WAS MEANT FOR MY JUGULAR.

CRAZED SONOVA...

KRAK

FAP

FLFLP

ANYTHING'S A WEAPON IN HIS HANDS.

TAK TAK

THE TEETH WERE MEANT FOR MY EYES.

SAME OL' RED. THAT'S WHY I CAME PREPARED THIS TIME.

I'M TIRED OF THIS VENDETTA BETWEEN YOU AND ME -- IT'S A WASTE OF MY TIME. YOU'RE THE ONLY GUY WHO'S EVER COME CLOSE TO GETTING ON MY NERVES.

HATE ADMITTING IT, BUT YOU'RE ALMOST MY BETTER.

SO IN AN EFFORT TO AFFORD MYSELF HALF A SHOT...

... I'M GONNA HAVE TO SUBVERT MY PRINCIPLES A BIT.

KA-BLAMM

UNNFF!

NOW WE'RE EVEN.

THE PAIN...

...WORSE THAN WHEN NATASHA SHOT ME.

DROWN IT OUT, MURDOCK.

HAVE TO KEEP BULLSEYE AT BAY.

YOU LITTLE... HYUUUUKK!

RUMOR HAS IT HIS SKELETON IS REINFORCED WITH ADAMANTIUM.

THAT BLOW CONFIRMED IT.

YOU WANNA WALK AWAY FROM THIS? YOU'LL GIMME THE KID. I AIN'T GETTING PAID TO KILL YOU...

... BUT I'M GONNA DO YOU FOR FREE.

JUST FOR LAUGHS.

GO TO HELL...

I ALREADY WROTE THAT TICKET...

... WITH ALL THE DEAD NUNS.

SPAP

SISTER!

KAREN...

WE'VE GOTTA GET YOU OF HERE!

NO, CHILD...

YOU MUST GO... GET HELP. HE'LL KILL MATTHEW...

... IF HE DOESN'T GET... THE CHILD...

THWAK

SISTER...

... WHERE'S THE BABY?

I'M WEAKENING...

...I'M NOT GOING TO BEAT HIM...

TELL ME WHERE THE KID IS, AND I'LL DO YOU QUICK!

MOTHER... I'M SORRY...

MOTHER...?

GIMME THE KID!

KRAKK

LET HIM GO!

LET HIM GO...

... AND I'LL GIVE YOU THE BABY.

WELL, WELL, WELL...

BIG HAND, FOR THE LITTLE LADY.

KAREN! NO..!

SPAK

PIPE DOWN, PUNCHY!

WE'RE IN THE MIDDLE OF NEGOTIATIONS!

EVENIN', MISS. NOW LEMME GET THIS STRAIGHT... YOU WANNA TRADE THE NEWER MODEL FOR THE OLD BEATER?

WHAT CAN I SAY? I'M A SUCKER FOR THE LADIES.

THWACK

IF YOU LET HIM LIVE, THE BABY IS YOURS.

IF WE HAVE A DEAL, STEP AWAY FROM DAREDEVIL.

ANOTHER TIME THEN, RED.

HOW ABOUT WHEN WE'RE DONE HERE, YOU LET ME SHOW YOU WHAT A GREAT SHOT I AM?

JUST TAKE THE BABY AND GET OUT.

KAREN... YOU CAN'T...

THIS IS EASIER THAN TAKING CANDY FROM A...

YOU GOTTA BE KIDDIN' ME, LADY.

HOW COULD YOU DOUBLE-CROSS ME LIKE THAT?

THOCK

IN A CHURCH, NO LESS.

UUUUH!

WAAAH WAAAH

DON'T...!

WHERE THE HELL IS THE BABY?!?

WAAAH WAAAH

WELL WHAD'YA KNOW?

OUT OF THE MOUTH OF BABES, AS THEY SAY.

A PAGE FROM THE GOSPEL ACCORDING TO BULLSEYE, SISTER...

NO ONE RISES FROM THE DEAD!

STOP!

PUT... THE BABY... DOWN!

MAN, YOU'RE A PERSISTENT BROAD.

FIRST RULE IN THE "CLEANING" BUSINESS...

CLIK

NEVER DISCARD A LOADED WEAPON.

I ONLY BROUGHT ONE BULLET, LADY. HOW'DYA THINK I GOT THE NAME?

YOU GOT CHUTZPAH, KID -- AND FOR THAT, I'M GONNA LET YOU LIVE.

'NIGHT, NOW.

WAIT A SECOND...

WHERE ARE MY MANNERS?

I ALMOST LEFT WITHOUT GIVING RED BACK HIS...

...CLUB!

MATT!!!

KAREN!!!

NOOOOOOO!

I CAN'T BELIEVE IT.

I MISSED.

HAHAHAHA HAHAHAHAHAHAHA

OH MY GOD, KAREN! PLEASE GOD, NO!

I HEAR THE BLOOD FORCING ITSELF OUT OF THE HOLE IN HER CHEST.

MATT...

NO, BABY -- DON'T TRY TO TALK. JUST...

I'LL GET...

L... LOVE...

I TRY NOT TO HEAR HER.

HEARING HER MEANS KNOWING.

KAREN... I...

I'LL...

I'LL... MISS YOU...

AND...

...WITH THAT...

...SHE'S GONE.

ZONE EMPIRE